

1915

Life

Miss Ling

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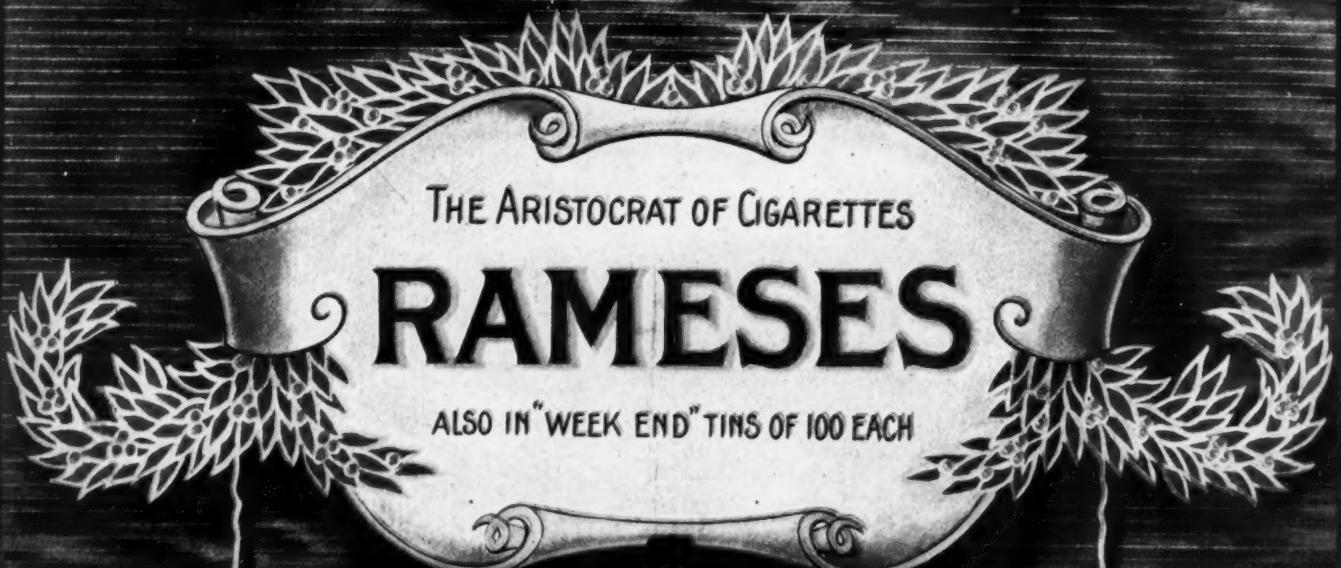


AFTER THE MOVIES

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A Perfect Program

This story has the merit of being true, anyhow: The official pessimist of a small Western city, a gentleman who had wrestled with chronic dyspepsia for years, stood in front of the post office as the noon whistles sounded.

"Twelve o'clock, eh?" he said, half to himself and half to an acquaintance. "Well, I'm going home to dinner. If dinner ain't ready I'm going to raise hell; and if it is ready I ain't going to eat a bite."—*Saturday Evening Post*.



*Gilbert K. Chesterton
is now one of the
regular contributors to*

Life

Do Your Autumn Subscribing Now

This is not a demand. It is merely a favor in the way of a suggestion to those of our friends who wish to become regular yearly subscribers before the holiday rush begins and at the same time secure as a premium the handsome picture reproduced opposite, together with the large double Christmas number of Life, out November 30, the price of which is 25 cents.



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(Presented as a premium on every yearly subscription. Handsomely printed in colors; actual size for framing 23 x 16½ inches.)

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"*h, I'm so tired*" said he—
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Cause Wanted

WANTED—A cause. Owing to the gradual decline of the public's and the insiders' interest in woman's suffrage and feminism, the undersigned would like to get in touch with some new, attractive and high-sounding proposition of an abstract nature around which a movement could be started. There are thousands of idle and inconsequential women whose happiness depends upon their getting hold of some fad which will allow them to work off their super-ebullient energies. They are hungering to associate themselves with something which looks as it would lead somewhere. All ideas must be clearly outlined. Only those considered which lend themselves readily to arts of rhetoric and the blandishments of oratory and which are amenable to feminine logic. Address ex-Suffragist, Idlewildside, Metropolis.

Frank Had Only One Trial

Frank was twice tried for murder and twice convicted by Georgia juries.—LIFE, Sept. 2, 1915.

WE are advised that the above assertion does not merit the confidence of readers. It should be amended to read: "Frank faced two Georgia juries and was indicted by one of them and convicted by the other."



Oily skin and shiny nose

How to correct them

That bugbear of so many—an oily skin and shiny nose—has various contributory causes. Whatever the cause in your case, proper external treatment will relieve your skin of this embarrassing condition.

Tonight—

Begin tonight the following Woodbury treatment. You will feel the difference in your skin the first time you use it.

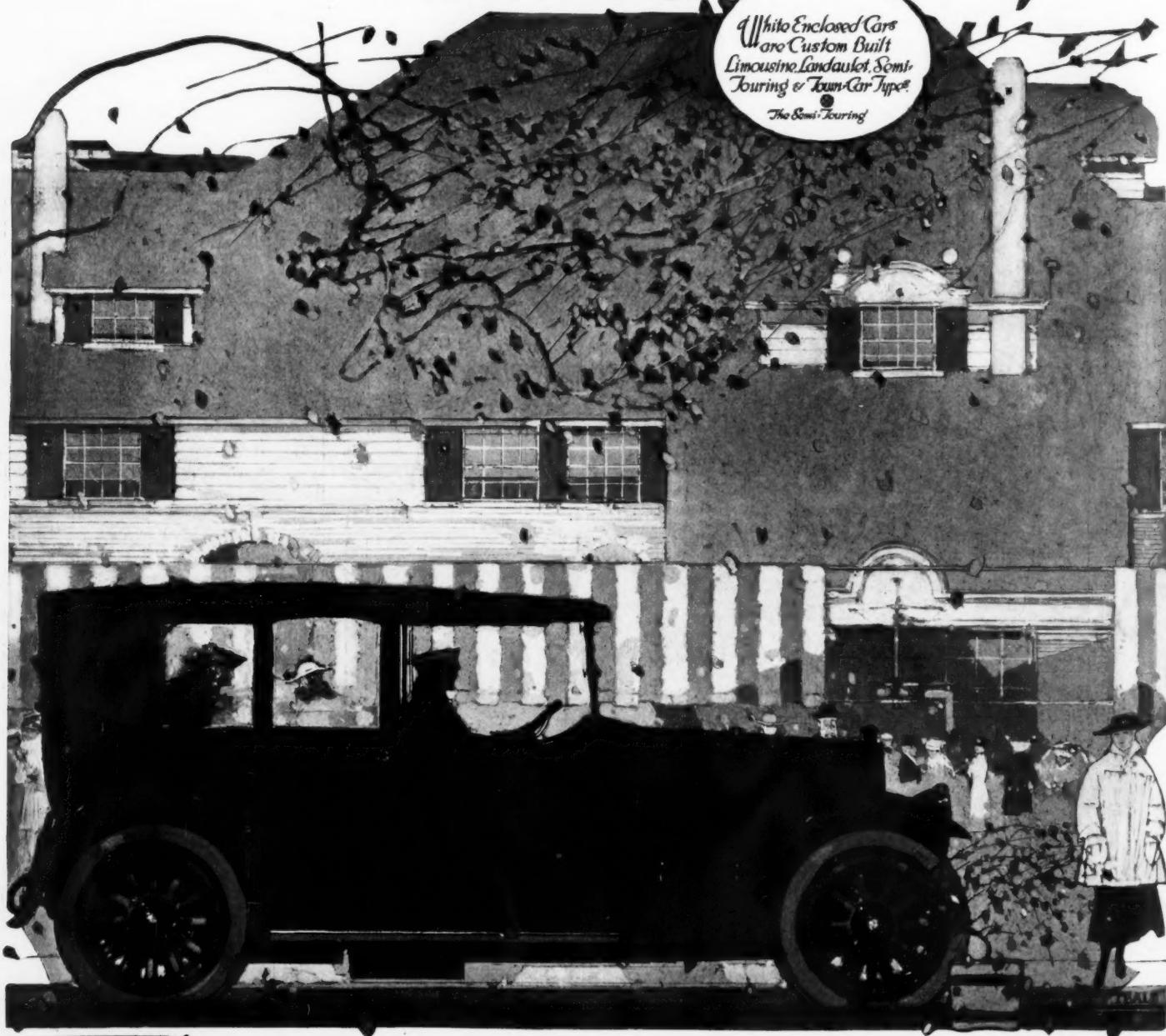
With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a mighty habit and before long you will see a marked improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake of it is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake to-day. It is for sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for sample—For 4c we will send a "week's size" cake. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1309 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O. In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1309 Sherbrooke Street, Perih, Ontario.

White motor cars

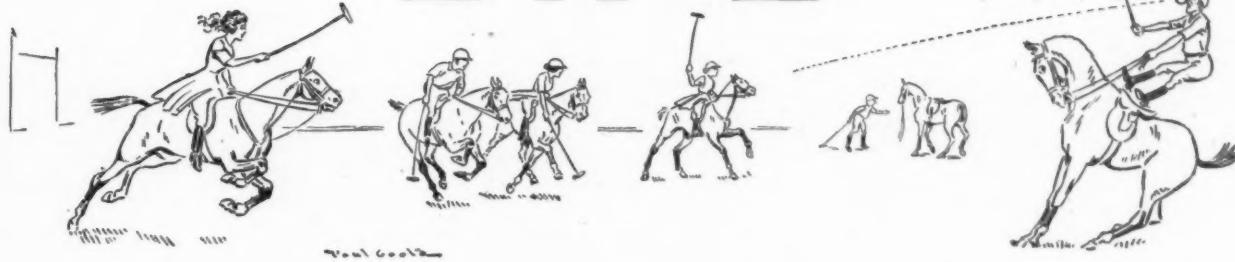


White Semi-Touring Car serves the requirements of every season and occasion. It may be used as an open touring car or as a perfectly appointed enclosed car. This body type has long been favored by fashionable European motorists and recently introduced here, with improved refinements, by an exclusive builder of custom-made bodies. Because of its uncommon type and the opportunity it affords for the expression of fine craftsmanship, this car is extremely distinctive. Nothing similar can be obtained direct from other motor car manufacturers—and only a limited number are available for fall delivery. We will be pleased to submit photographs and details.

The WHITE COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio



LIFE



Incontrovertible

"**A**RE you absolutely certain it is the right policy?"
"I am. Col. Roosevelt, the New York *Sun* and
the Hearst papers are all against it."

No Change

"**Y**ES, sir, I can assure you that when your daughter
is graduated from my school you won't know her."
"But I don't know her now."



THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

LIFE

The Perfect Illness

THE Perfect Man fell ill. As this had never happened before, there was great alarm in his household, and the Perfect Doctor was summoned post-haste.

"I can't understand this at all," exclaimed the Perfect Man, when the Doctor arrived. "I am perfectly familiar with the laws of health and I take perfect care of myself. Up to one hour ago I was in perfect health, but now look at me. I am perfectly miserable."

"It is perfectly simple," replied the Perfect Doctor in his very best professional manner. "You have been attacked by a germ, the Perambulatios Slipacoggus, to be exact. It is a perfect case."

"What is that you say? Do you mean to tell me I have been attacked by a pestiferous germ while in perfect health? How could it be?"

"Perfectly simple. The fact that you were in perfect health makes it all the more interesting. It has all been worked out theoretically. Here you are going calmly about your business. Suddenly you meet a homeless germ.

He takes a fancy to you. He finds you appetizing. He proceeds to adopt you as a pasture and as a breeding place. Before you know it he has many millions of children, grandchildren and more remote posterity even unto the ninth and tenth generations. You have a perfectly magnificent case. I must—"

"But look here," interrupted the Perfect Man, "doesn't it make any difference what kind of life a man lives?"

"Some authorities think it makes a little difference, but your case seems to prove that it makes absolutely no difference whatsoever. After all, a germ's but a germ, you know, and naturally doesn't possess enough intellect to be a respecter of persons."

"So then, speaking from a germ standpoint, there is no advantage in being a Perfect Man. I might have been an Imperfect Man and if my path hadn't happened to cross that of a germ I could have passed my whole life without being ill."

"Quite so. Quite so. You have stated the germ theory in a nutshell.



*Miss Cow: I MUST SAY, I CAN'T APPROVE OF MISS DUCK'S CONDUCT
Mr. Pig: WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT? HER FATHER WAS WILD AND HER MOTHER WAS A NOTORIOUS DECOY*



Crow: GO ON, SCARE ME—I DARE YOU!

Now we must fumigate everything you have come in contact with. And you must get into quarantine and stay there for six weeks, whether you are ill or not, and then—well, we'll see when the time comes. But I must say I never saw a more perfect specimen. I wish I could exhibit you at the clinic. I must report you to the *Review*. It is perfectly typical," concluded the Perfect Doctor, rubbing his hands with great satisfaction.

"And I must report your theory to my friends," replied the Perfect Man, "for I consider it perfectly nonsensical."
Ellis O. Jones.

Character and Circumstances

CIRCUMSTANCES are constantly making warfare upon character; yet without circumstances how could character continue to develop? It is rather curious, this combination of character and circumstances. They are very much like an ill-mated pair—necessary to each other. Circumstances without character would be dull and meaningless, lacking in vitality. Character without circumstances is a flabby fortress.

IN matters of repartee a word at the right moment is worth a whole dictionary an hour later.



THE BREAKFAST MAIL OF A MATINÉE FAVORITE

How Not to Do It

BEING told that if the rejection of the revised New York Constitution was made a Democratic party measure it would alienate the independent Democrats throughout the State, "one of the best-known Democratic bosses" said to the correspondent of the *Times*:

We can well afford to lose their votes. We will gain radical votes by cutting loose from them and the element they represent. Defeat of the Constitution will indirectly be a blow at our Republican opponents. In my opinion we should go before the voters and tell them that nothing good to the common people can come out of a highbrow gathering like the late convention.

That is as good an example as one could wish of the way the revision ought not to be treated. It represents a summer of hard work by some of the ablest men in the State. This demagogue, described as a "boss whose name is a household word, and who is said to have more influence with Murphy than any other up-State Democrat," would throw away the whole revision, as a Republican highbrow job, and therefore bad for "the people."

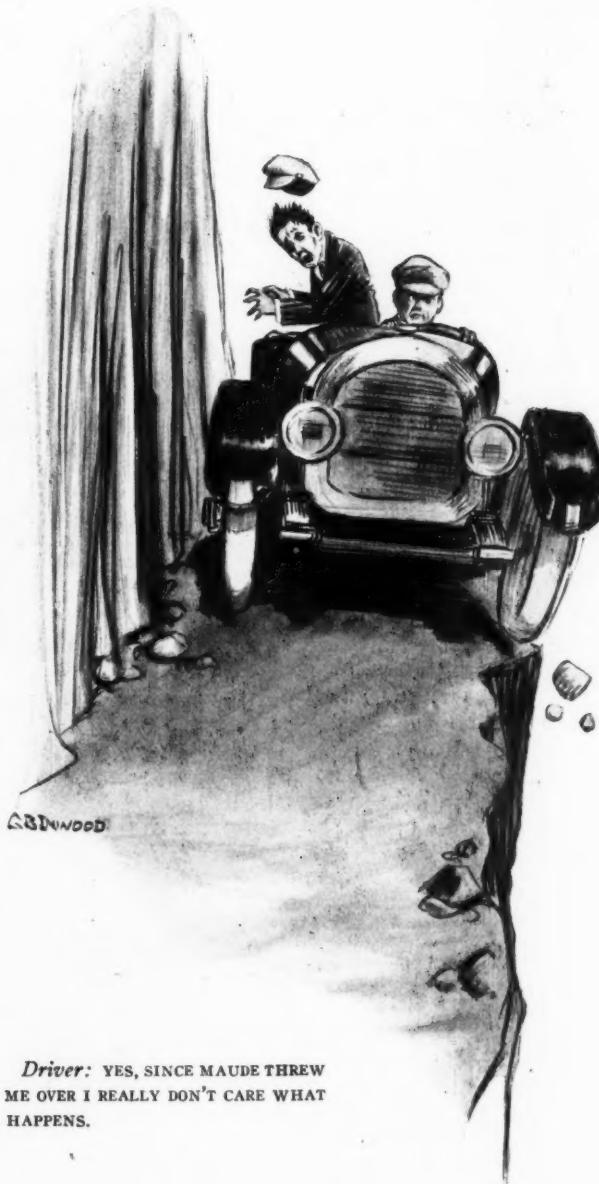
WRITING of the swarming of golfers on Piping Rock Links, the *World* says:

"What fair green but is vexed by their niblicks?"

Go to, neighbor! If you were a golfer, you would know that it isn't the business of a niblick to vex a fair green.



"I CASH CLO'S!"
"I GOT AN OLD SUIT AT HOME, MISTER!"



*Driver: YES, SINCE MAUDE THREW
ME OVER I REALLY DON'T CARE WHAT
HAPPENS.*

Lively

THE old man was sitting in front of his lonely cabin in the Tennessee mountains. "Them roads is vile with them automobyles," he remarked as the visitor drew rein on the deeply rutted roads.

"Why, do many come up here?" asked the surprised horseman.

"Many? Why, stranger, I don't believe there air a week but what one goes by," said the old man.



BEFORE THE GRAND JURY
A CASE OF BREACH OF PROMISE

Will Be Remembered

LIETE NANT Baron von Forstner has been killed in the war and the Crown Prince has written to his family, lauding him as "a patriot whose services to Germany will be remembered long after the war."

They will. That is so. He was the man who slashed with his sword the lame cobbler of Zabern. No fear that he will be forgotten. His fame is as safe as that of the lad who fired the Ephesian dome.

True Worth

IT is easy enough to be neutral when your rights and wishes are respected in every particular, but the nation worth while is the nation that can smile when its citizens are being killed and its shipping interfered with and its representatives treated with insolence and its treaties violated and when foreign ambassadors try to stir up strikes and otherwise meddle with its industries and its institutions.



VENGEANCE

Terrified Jew overtaken by a thunderstorm after a supper of liver and bacon: GOD OF ISRAEL! ALL THIS FUSS ABOUT A LITTLE BIT OF PORK!
—From "Bendish," by Maurice Hewlett.

War Writer Simonds in a New Field

IN the middle of September the complexities of the war situations and the continued flight of notes made it necessary for Colonel Frank H. Simonds, the war expert, to follow the example of Colonel O. G. Villard and go over to Washington to find out what was really going on. He discovered and disclosed in the *Tribune* that President Wilson in his dealings with Germany had never meant a word that he had said, but had merely used strong words as a precaution against the need of using anything stronger. Colonel Simonds assures us that there is not in the administration a fraction of an intention to defend the international law and never has been. All talk, he says, about the championship of humanity is merest moonshine.

There never was any intention on the part of the administration to champion humanity or anything else. From start to finish the whole affair has been a sorry farce, which may yet end in war, because no one has yet found a way out. The reason is utterly clear—we took a position untenable unless we meant to fight at the start, and we won't fight or leave it.

Mr. Simonds made the reputation which carried him to the *Tribune* by writing in the *Evening Sun* on a subject which he had studied for years and which most of his readers knew little or nothing about. He wrote very informing discourses on the early battles of the war—discourses that read very well and that made the reader feel that the war was being explained to him by some one competent.

Sad to say, these discourses which as correspondent he has sent from Washington do not contain the convincing qualities that were characteristic of his war pieces. When he used to tell us that the battle of the Marne was the twin (say) of the attack on Lookout Mountain, we were glad to believe him, because we knew very little about either Lookout Mountain or the Marne. But in dealing with Washington matters the war scribe does not have this advantage of us.

He can tell us things about W. Wilson, but they come in our minds not into an empty chamber, but into one already fairly furnished forth with Wilson information. The Simonds argument seems to be intended to work both ways. If under Wilson's leadership we get into a war in which we have an appearance of defending international law, President Wilson is to have no credit, because he never meant to defend anything but himself. And if under Wilson leadership we keep out of the war, the President must have no credit for that, because by his empty bluffing he came all-fired near getting us in. Correspondent Simonds, having viewed Mr. Wilson from both sides, invites us to share his conclusion that he is a timid and irresolute person and badly scared by the fix he is in. If we were invited to a conclusion of this sort about General Butler at Big Bethel or General Intoobad at the Masurian Lakes we would accept, because we have forgotten or never knew about Big Bethel and are happy to believe anything Mr. Simonds says about a complete stranger like General Intoobad. But Mr. Wilson we know, and have ample means to form an opinion whether in his war notes he has understood the necessary implications of the language he has used, and, using it, has meant what he said.

The *Tribune* does not seem to get good information in Washington. Its great "beat," distributed through all the news channels, of the falling out between Mr. Wilson and Mr. House seems to have had no basis whatever in anything but invention. Maybe it was the collapse of that tale, that determined the *Tribune's* editor to try his own hand at getting the Washington news.

E. S. M.

Tit for Tat

"**T**HAT seems to be a popular impression that the naval people have done all they could to put Daniels out of business."

"That's what they call reciprocity, isn't it?"



"M-MISTER, P-PLEASE T-TAKE IT OFF--
IT'S A BOMB!"

Bro. Jenkins's Welsh Comes Loose

GEORGIAN-AMERICAN G. W. Jenkins writes through the *World* to the people of the North warning them that "the people of Georgia will protect their women in spite of the heathen world." He says:

We think that we can hear the roar of Abe Lincoln's first cannon-shot against the wall of liberty. * * * Do not stir us up. * * * Our State is organized. We could raise half a million of Georgians in ten days.

Be appeased, Bro. Jenkins! Avoid over-emphasis! Don't speak in that hyphenated fashion, nor let your Welsh get up like that! The North has been interested in the Frank case, but not a bit excited. The truth is, Bro. Jenkins, that it suspects its leg has been pulled about Frank.

But can you blame it? You chose Slaton to be your Governor, thereby implying a belief that he was competent. He was in a position to know the truth about Frank and his trial, and he commuted his sentence. That was quite as legal an action as the verdict of the jury that found Frank guilty. The North had a right to respect it, and was warranted in being shocked that you didn't. Remember all that, Bro. Jenkins, and go slow with your mobilization.



Uncle Sam: I OUGHT TO HAVE SOMETHING BETTER THAN THAT
His Boss: SORRY, BUT WE CAN'T AFFORD IT

Seen His Duty and Done It

THE Hon. Frank Sanborn calls it "unpardonable, insufferable insolence" in Editor Frank Simonds of the New York *Tribune* to say that President Wilson's first Lusitania note was "a gigantic and empty bluff."

Mr. Simonds emanates from Concord, of which town Mr. Sanborn is the leading senior citizen. Mr. Sanborn therefore feels a special concern about Mr. Simonds, and has taken him across his knee (in the Springfield *Republican*) in true grandfatherly style.

"Infamously false and idiotically foolish" is Mr. Simonds's assertion that "there never was any intention on the part of the administration to champion humanity or anything else."

Whack! Whack!

Mr. Simonds seems to be in excellent hands. He may yet be a credit to Concord.



The Merry One: CHEER UP, OLD MAN! WHY DON'T YOU DROWN YOUR SORROW?

The Sad One: SHE'S STRONGER THAN I AM, AND, BESIDES, IT WOULD BE MURDER



"I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?"

When They Began

"WHAT I admire most in this world," said the first bore, "is the man who stops when he has nothing more to say."

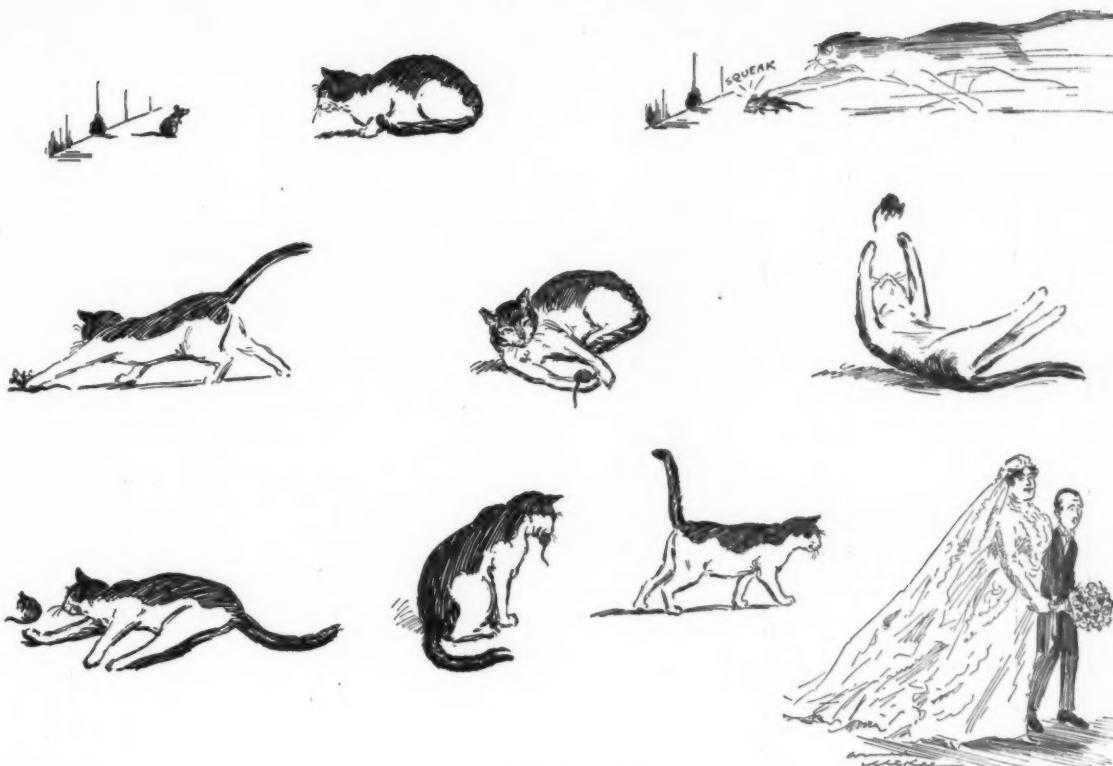
"That's exactly the way I feel about it," said the second bore. "Just as soon as a man gets through with what he wishes to convey he ought to stop. But he doesn't stop. He takes it up from another angle and goes all over it again."

"And he goes into all the details, which you already know beforehand, and you have to sit and listen to him, aware in advance of what he is going to say, and you cannot stop him. He will turn every corner so smoothly that there's no checking him, and glide away again, and go on and on and on and on and—"

"You put it very well," said the second bore. "You simply can't stop him. There's no use. He tells the thing once in one way, then he starts all over again and tells it in another way, then, by Jove, if he doesn't tell it in still another way; and, do you know, he's only just begun! He can't shut down when he has said what he has said. He has to keep it up. He turns it over. He moves about on the other side. He seems to have an idea that you don't know about it. So he keeps on telling you over and over and over—"

"And over and over and over and—" declared the first bore.

—
IF your feet are squarely on the ground, it won't hurt to have your head in the clouds occasionally.



HOW IT IS DONE

Germans, Welcome

THE German-Americans have so conducted themselves that a new immigration bill will probably be introduced next winter.—*Hapgood's Harper's Weekly*.

A bill to what effect? To exclude immigrants from Germany?

That would not be kind to the anti-Prussian Germans, who may want to escape.

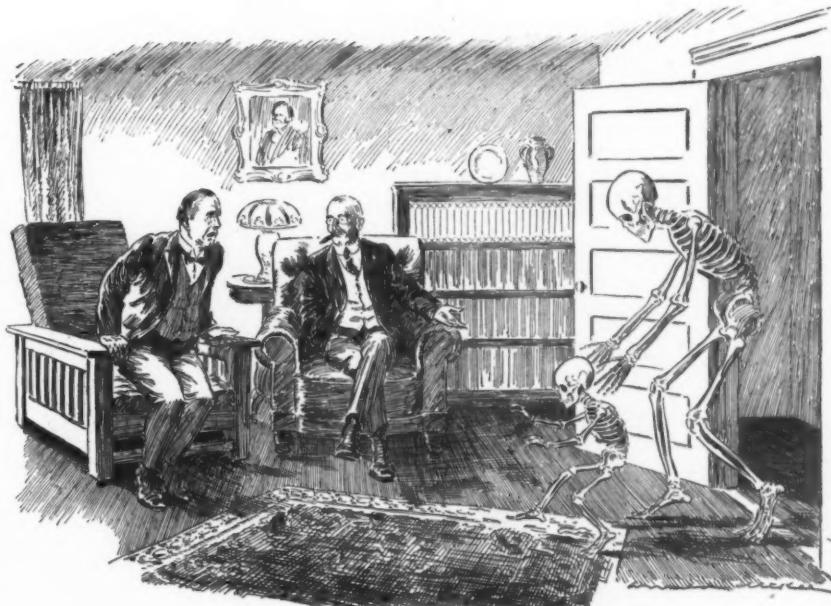
Certainly we want no more "German-Americans," but if we got another lot like the Germans who came here after '48 we might be gainers.

The Right Place

"YOU say that you believe in government control of all natural resources?"

"Yes. But I carry it farther than that. I include all national disturbances."

"Where would you begin?"
"With the Colonel."



Host: OH, CERTAINLY THE FAMILY SKELETON HAS TO BE ALLOWED TO PERPETUATE ITSELF

TRIPLE ENTENTE — TRIPLE ALLIANCE									
Aug. 1 1914		First Game		Aug. 1 1915					
"ALLIES"				Score				"TEUTONS"	
ab	r	h	e	a	s	e	ab	r	h
BELGIUM,	ss	2	1	1	5	10	0	PRUSSIA,	p
FRANCE,	P	3	3	3	7	6	0	AUSTRIA,	5
RUSSIA,	c	4	1	2	14	7	2	HUNGARY,	c
GREAT BRITAIN,	lb	3	0	1	0	5	TURKEY,	lb	
SERVIA,	cf	2	1	1	2	3	BAVARIA,	4	
ITALY,	3b	1	1	4	4	0	GALICIA,	3b	
MONTENEGRO,	rf	1	0	0	0	7	SAXONY,	cf	
CANADA,	2b	2	2	1	1	2	WARTENBERG,	7	
AUSTRALIA	If	2	1	1	0	0	BADEN.	rf	
Totals . . .	20	10	11	33	33	8	Totals	22	14
							Substituted for Italy.		



THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES
"BEGINNING OF THE SECOND GAME"

His Preference

THE Fly walked into the Spider's parlor. It was a typical early Victorian parlor. The front blinds were closely drawn to keep the day air, the night air and other kinds of fresh air from getting in and the musty air from getting out. In the middle of the centre table was a glass case of half-melted wax flowers,

while beside it was a red plush album containing pictures of the family, the relatives and the neighbors. In one corner stood an easel bearing a life-size crayon portrait of Grandpa Spider. In another corner was a what-not containing shells, bits of ore, smooth pebbles, souvenirs of Niagara Falls and many other efficient dust-gathering objects.

"Aha!" said the Fly. "I see you go in for the old-fashioned in the way of house furnishings."

"Yes," replied the Spider, "and I also go in for the old-fashioned in the way of getting my food, as I should be most happy to demonstrate." "Go ahead," said the Fly. "Anything is preferable to sitting in a parlor like this."



ALL FOR THE SMILE OF A LADY

Our Wonderful Post Office

WHAT impresses us most about the financial reports issued about the Post Office, with which we understand a Mr. Burleson has something to do, is their extreme clarity.

During the past year, for example, there were several millions of surplus in cash on hand, in spite of a deficit of fifteen or twenty or twenty-four millions (we forget which); but we never were good at figures, anyway. It is great news when, in spite of a deficit, you can still have a surplus.

Some time or other we may ask Mr. Burleson to let us know whether the expense of running the Post Office is greater than the receipts, or, not to be too blunt, whether the Post Office is run at a profit or a loss. This would include, of course, the item of how much rent the Post Office is paying, or ought to pay, and, in fact, just what should or should not, or is or is not, charged up to it.

We don't want to know this now. We couldn't stand too much accuracy on the part of any government official or too many figures. Enough is as good as a feast. When Mr. Burleson is able to produce a cash surplus out of a yearly deficit, that's enough for the present.



Commuter: IT'S LUCKY I HAD MY CANE WITH ME OR
I WOULD HAVE MISSED THE EXPRESS

Morning Session

(Scene—Miss Simpers's private school for girls, on the Hudson. Morning assembly.)

MISS SIMPERS: My dear young ladies, I know that you will rejoice with me that, in accordance with the progress of our modern school system, I am introducing this morning the study of something both useful and practical. Attention, please. Will some one tell me what is the most important thing in the world?

FIRST PUPIL: Woman's clothes.

MISS SIMPERS: Marvelous! I see that you have already guessed my secret, which is to have you learn something really useful about the making of clothes; and from where, up to the present, have woman's clothes come?

SECOND PUPIL: From Wall Street and Paris.

MISS SIMPERS: How wonderful that you should show such intimate knowledge of the working of one branch of our great epoch-making democracy! Yes, my loves, with that rare commingling of almost superhuman wisdom and broad experience that distinguishes the American magnate above his fellows, your dear papas toil at their daily labor in the Street, calling up Washington almost hourly over the 'phone, anxiously buying and selling, reforming railroads and painfully and conscientiously manipulating state legislatures—and all for what? That noble, self-respecting women like yourselves may uphold the ever-exacting standards of our grand civilization by appearing in the smartest frocks. First Wall Street, then Paris—how simple the system and how effective!

THIRD PUPIL: May I say something?

MISS SIMPERS: Certainly, my dear. I suspect by the expression of your face that you have been thinking for some moments very deeply, and I want you to speak out boldly your inmost thoughts. We pride ourselves on our freedom of expression.

THIRD PUPIL: Well, then, I have been reading some books on sociology, and I talked with my hairdresser and the school janitor, and, teacher dear, I feel very deeply that our system is all wrong. No doubt we wealthy girls of the coming generation have a duty

to perform in buying the most expensive clothes and in doing the silliest things in order that the great mass of people (who have so little pleasure) may be kept amused by seeing our pictures in degenerate periodicals, our names in the society columns, and by reading the story of our vices in the head-lines. It is also our duty, as the vanguard of the coming generation, to contribute ourselves in order to swell the increasing numbers of that restless, pathological creature of our wonderful civilization, namely, the real lady. I would not for one moment, teacher dear, minimize the importance of all this, yet should we not also consider that we owe something to the poor and to our beloved country and (if I may not be considered improper) to posterity? I feel very strongly that we must make some sacrifices.

MISS SIMPERS: How truly wonderful is the speech just given! Miss Flora, you have surpassed yourself. I want you to notice, young ladies, Miss Flora's delightful sarcasm, which shows that she must have been reading the editorials in the *New York Sun*; and her delicate reference to posterity and the use of the word "pathological," which shows that she must have read one of Mr. Brisbane's advertising editorials in the *Evening Journal*. Also, better perhaps than all, her use of the phrase, "I feel most strongly" reveals the undoubted fact that she is a regular subscriber to the *Congressional Record*. But most extraordinary still is that Miss Flora has anticipated me. What



A WOODEN INDIAN

she has so ably suggested we are now about to put into actual practice. I am going to demonstrate that twenty-five per cent can be saved from your necessary expenses. This twenty-five per cent. can go into our army and navy, thus preparing our beloved country from the onslaughts of the fierce hordes of Europe. Attention, please. I will now have the materials brought in and we will begin our lesson.

FOURTH PUPIL: Excuse me, Miss Simpers, but would you mind telling me what the subject of the lesson is?

MISS SIMPERS: Certainly not. It is the base of our sociological system, the foundation of democracy. It is "How to make a two-hundred-dollar gown for only one hundred and fifty dollars."



"SCHOOL-DAYS, SCHOOL-DAYS, DEAR OLD GOLDEN-RULE DAYS"



TRAINING VERSUS MUSCLE

Uncle Sam: I SEE ONLY TWO CANDIDATES THAT I CAN USE

The Petted Husband

THE petted husband locked all the cellar windows, put an extra shovelful of coal on the furnace, fastened all the doors, looked to see that the refrigerator was quite tight, fixed the cat for the night, turned out all the lights and was slowly reaching the summit of the stairs when a voice called:

"I hear no clink. Have you dared to come upstairs without preparing my pitcher of ice water?"

The petted husband faltered:

"I thought the maid usually did that, my dear."

"This is Thursday, the maid's night out. You didn't think at all. You never consider me, anyway."

"My whole life, darling, is spent in trying to make you happy."



THE SPINSTER MAN

"Your whole life is spent in trying to keep me from ice water and argue me out of my sleep. Don't stumble over the furniture when you put the pitcher on the table. Don't say another word."

The petted husband descended the stairs, let the water run the regulation time, carefully cut the ice into the regulation pieces, filled the translucent pitcher, noiselessly placed it upon the regulation table, and, departing to his own den, gracefully disrobed and was soon reposing in the arms of Morpheus.

Only to be awakened ten minutes later by a far-reaching voice that, shaking the reverberating rafters of his petted soul, said:

"Idiot, you did not bring me a glass!"



OCTOBER 14, 1915

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 66

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J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

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THE gist of the war news seems to be that at last the Allies have caught up with Germany in preparation. They seem to have armies enough and shells enough and making to give due emphasis to their operations. That means—if one accepts it as true—that there will not be any longer the advantage to Germany of having thought of everything beforehand. That advantage lasted more than a year. The advantage that is left to Germany and her accomplices is their central position. The other advantages—numbers, wealth, the command of the sea and power thereby to draw on all the resources of the continent of America—are with the Allies.

We have had evidence that there is plenty of fight in the men on the French side of the western line and plenty of means to fight with. It is not a deadlock any more, but an active line with the invaders on the defensive and something important liable to happen any minute. German reports have pared down Allied successes as much as possible, but a great deal remains. And the successful half-billion loan in this country is a success that cannot be pared down.

Mr. Villard, writing to the *Evening Post* from Washington, groans, warrantably enough, about the war, and avers that the longings for peace of the people of the fighting countries are censored out of print and do not find the expression that they should.

Doubtless not. No doubt the European appetite for war is completely sated and the people of every country engaged long every day more passion-

ately for peace. But longings for peace will not bring it. Nothing will bring peace but to fight the war out to a point where Germany is ready to quit. Then there can be peace, and peace on that basis is appreciably nearer than it was a year ago. But until a change befalls the German mind so that it gives up its conception of Christendom as a storehouse for Germans to pillage, there can't be any lasting or comfortable peace in the world.



MEANWHILE, even to us who are not being personally killed the war is a very weary proceeding. We all want to have it over so that we can make some new plans for living. We cannot make such plans until we begin to see what the world is likely to be like for the next half-century. The break in thought that the war has made is prodigious. A lot of people have been winning money betting on war stocks. No doubt they have been interested in it, and it has helped to get their minds off the war for a little while, which must be a relief. Maybe the money will be good after the war. But who knows? After-the-war is a faraway picture behind a veil. One puts on glasses to look at it, but still it is dim. The people—are they real people? The money—is it real money? Life—is it real life and anything like the life we are used to?

At this writing the papers say that President Wilson is going to vote for woman suffrage in New Jersey. One feels that he might just as well vote

to let women vote in heaven, since he knows hardly less about existence there than about mundane existence after the war.

Judge Cullen says the work on the revision of the constitution must all go for naught because of the omission to put a proper restraint on the power of military tribunals. It seems a severe sentence even if the offense is conceded, but think of repairing a State constitution in this year of direful tumult, to be used after the war!

And Admiral Fiske dreams in the *North American Review* of the possible acquirement of world mastery by some "monster of efficiency," and then of "wars beside which the present struggle will seem pygmy!"

Tut! Tut! War stocks, votes for women, our tinkered constitution, all seem about equally speculative as the guns roar all around the great German ring. But so, doubtless, Burke felt about the French Revolution, and after all it was real money that Nathan Rothschild won on the battle of Waterloo.



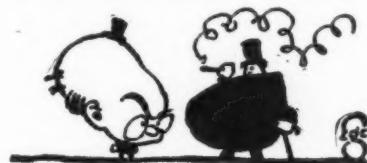
THERE is a good deal in the newspapers of New York about the Gary plan for the public schools. It is the plan used in Gary, Illinois, the Steel Trust city, named after Judge Gary, who thinks the war will end unexpectedly soon. It provides for the alternate use of classrooms in the public schools by two gangs of pupils, the gang not sitting in the classroom seats being employed in the auditorium, the workshop or the playground of the school. It involves altering the school buildings and enlarging their workroom, auditorium and playground capacity, but that is a less serious and expensive matter than building a lot more school houses, so the Gary plan would be economical. But its advocates say economy is one of the least of its merits and that it gives better schooling as well as a better use of the plant and equipment of the schools.

It sounds like a plan with merit to it, but perhaps after the war some of the people here will go home, and the schools will not have quite so many



U. S.: AM I GOOD NATURED, OR JUST AN EASY MARK?

children. Or enough of our city may fall into the subway to induce relief.



IN LIFE two weeks ago, in the course of some remarks about Mr. Scott Nearing (lately but not now a teacher

in the U. of P.), it was observed that he was "a regular contributor nowadays to Mr. Hearst's publications."

It seemed so because pieces to which his name was signed were appearing in the *American*, and because that paper said on September 8th: "Since his dismissal for his so-called radical views Dr. Nearing has been a regular contributor to the editorial page of the New York *American*." So the *Ameri-*

can seemed to suppose he was a contributor.

But he says not. He writes to LIFE:

I am not and have never been a "regular contributor" to Mr. Hearst's publication because I have never written a line for Mr. Hearst. The articles over my name in the New York *American* have all been published elsewhere before they were printed in the *American*. The *American* reprinted the articles with my permission. I have refused to write for Mr. Hearst as I have refused to write for any other publication since June of this year, because I do not believe that I have any right to benefit financially through the incidents surrounding my dismissal from the university.

So it seems that Dr. Nearing, though accepting for his thoughts Bro. Hearst's valuable publicity, has declined to accept any of Bro. Hearst's valuable and convenient dollars. Most people would have suffered the dollars gladder than the publicity, but Dr. Nearing isn't like most people. He declines the dollars, but accepts the publicity and calls it square.

A line in the passage above from Dr. Nearing's letter seems to imply that Mr. Hearst is a publication like *Punch* or LIFE. Not so. Mr. Hearst is an actual person and voter, and just now a strong pacifist with German leanings. If Dr. Nearing can persuade him to become a publication—"The William R. Hearst, \$1.50 a year," say—and edit him, that would be worth while and might start Dr. Nearing on a career of abundant usefulness.

Mr. Hearst is only one of a number of gentlemen whose usefulness could be much increased if they should become publications with competent editors. Mr. Bryan is a publication, both vocal and literary, but insists on editing himself, which is a great mistake. Mr. La Follette has suffered very seriously from the same drawback. Mr. Roosevelt is a sort of publication, but has lacked efficient editing since he left Dr. Abbott. Mr. Henry Ford also needs editing very much. Since the habit of talking to stenographers gained such a hold on mankind publication has outrun editing to a degree obviously detrimental to the best interests of civilization.

LIFE



LIFE



Tragic Moments

*Strong-minded Lady (on meeting the bride and groom): I TRUST YOU WILL BE
AS HAPPY AS WE HAVE BEEN*



A CONUNDRUM

WHAT WOULD BE WORSE THAN BEING WRECKED ON A DESERT ISLAND WITH A SUFFRAGETTE?



Comedy, Spectacle and Screenings



THE "New York Idea," according to Mr. Langdon Mitchell—himself a Philadelphian—is largely connected with the material aspects of marriage and divorce. Further away than Philadelphia the impression prevails that Wall Street dominates the town and that all we think of here is to get their money away from our more guileless fellow-citizens of the outlying districts. In truth, there is no New York idea, the town being simply a big sounding-board that reverberates with all the ideas—financial, matrimonial, anti-matrimonial and such—that originate in all other parts of the country, Philadelphia included. For that reason we gave a hearing to Mr. Mitchell's idea of the New York idea as expressed in his play of that title something like a decade ago and resented it so little that we are glad to see it reiterated again in slightly revised form.

THE comedy is just as true now as it was ten years ago, which statement is no voucher for its veracity then or now. It is comedy and, therefore, not necessarily veracious, but it is genuine comedy, with its situations bordering on the farcical and its lines possessing a quality of wit too rarely encountered on the contemporary stage. Its exaggerations and remoteness from fact make it not even satire, but they do not interfere with its being entertainment considerably above that which occupies most of our stages for the benefit of the tired business man and others who leave their brains behind when they go to the theatre.

The reproduction of Mr. Mitchell's play marks the beginning of Grace George's career as a lady manager and also confirms her title as first among American comedienne. In the glittering rôle of *Cynthia Karslake* she finds material exactly fitted to her temperament, which she might have played satisfactorily in her earlier metallic manner, but which gains charm by a more recently acquired touch of gentleness and sweetness. She has an excellent supporting cast, which, it is hinted, is to be the beginnings of a regularly established permanent company. Mary Nash, as the other feminine member of the marriage-divorce quartette which the author has pictured as typical of New York, gains new laurels in a career unusually varied for so young an artist. Among the men Messrs. Lumsden Hare, Ernest Lawford and Conway Tearle stand out, not only by the prominence of their rôles, but by finished performance. The atmosphere of the piece could have been improved by better judgment in the casting of some of the minor characters, but in its entirety there is little to object to in the rendering of a comedy which shows no marks of age. If The Playhouse is to be a repertory theatre, "The New York Idea" as a play and in manner of performance gives it an auspicious send-off.

THE Hippodrome starts its new career with a complete departure from its original plan of being the permanent purveyor of spectacle, circus and tank features. The tank is completely eliminated, the horse is supplanted by the automobile, and the spectacle is of a kind to which we are accustomed in the other theatres, only on a larger scale. The present widely varied entertainment is covered by the blanket title of "Hip-Hip-Hooray." This has more to do with the name of the house than with anything on the stage. The principal features are Sousa and his band, elaborate scenes from the San Francisco Exposition, several ballets, one of them with its setting a room in one of New York's most expensive hotels, and a most amusing corps of tumblers, all culminating in a skating carnival on real ice, the background for this being a very beautiful reproduction of St. Moritz and its snowy surroundings. Very gorgeous entertainment at fair prices should insure a successful season for the Hippodrome.

IN "The Princess Pat" neither Mr. Victor Herbert's score nor Mr. Henry Blossom's book is up to the earlier accomplishments of this congenial partnership. If it was their first effort it would command little except praise, and it is by com-



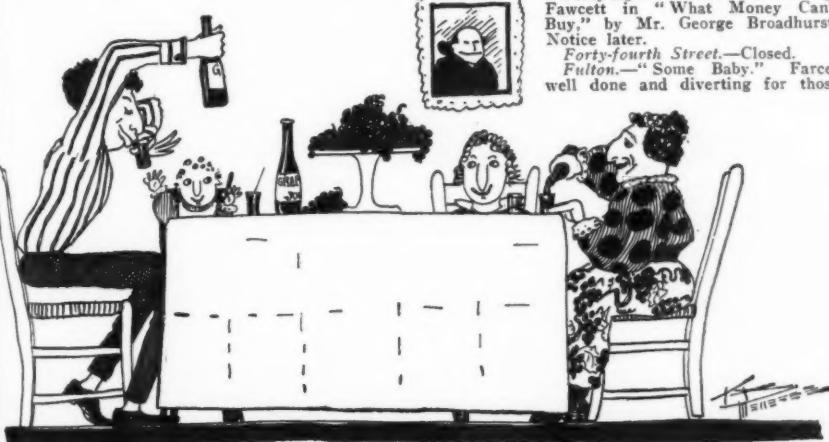
ANSWER TO CONUNDRUM
BEING WRECKED WITH THREE

parison with their own work that it suffers. Mr. Herbert's music is agreeable, but with the exception of one brief caricature of the barbarous and discordant tom-tom effects so universal in prevalent dance music, has little inspiration of originality. Mr. Blossom's book is subject to the same criticism, although his lyrics are singable, even if some of the principals preferred to intone them.

The cast is a good one, Miss Eleanor Painter in looks and voice justifying the heralding which usually provokes only disappointment. Miss Eva Fallon, placed in an important part at very short notice, sang and danced herself into immediate favor. Mr. Sam B. Hardy gave a jolt to the usual comic-opera methods by playing a comedy part in entirely new fashion. "The Princess Pat" is pleasant musical entertainment free from coarseness and, without being in any way startling, is likely to gain many friends.



THE first production of moving-picture plays at the Knickerbocker under the widely advertised Triangle Film combination showed us Messrs. Dustin Farnum, Raymond Hitchcock and Douglas Fairbanks as stars in plays adapted to their individualities. The producers claim that what they present are moving-picture plays in their very best estate as distinguished from the tremendously spectacular films whose wonders are familiar to every one who knows moving-pictures at all. As screen plays go, they are unquestionably good and demonstrate that even for this medium the trained actor is more valuable than performers chosen mostly for their physical effectiveness as photographic subjects.



GRAPE JEWS

Granting this, that these screen plays are among the best of their kind, they demonstrate that the moving-picture is still far away from being an effective rival of the dramatic stage. This is not so much on account of its physical limitations as on account of the apparent inability of the producers to subordinate the photographic interest to the dramatic. They have all become so imbued with the importance of their photographic tricks—endorsed by the approval of the cheap moving-picture public—that they cannot lay them aside.

The Triangular gentlemen, Messrs. Griffiths, Ince and Sennett, are ambitious

in their announcement of themselves as producers of real dramas on the screen. As a first step in the improvement of their work it would profit them to sit down before their screens with competent authors and producers of stage plays and take counsel from these as to the things to be cut out which are more or less interesting photographically, but which interfere with dramatic action. Among the first would be the actor who "mugs" before the camera and the sweet young thing with no acting ability except the possession of eyes that photograph well, rolling and unrolling.

Metcalf.



Astor.—"Hit-the-Trail Holliday," by Mr. George M. Cohan and others. Suggested by the career and methods of Billy Sunday. The revivalist and prohibitionist made useful as the subject of a diverting farcical comedy.

Bandbox.—The Washington Square Players. Notice later.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Amusing and admirably staged comedy, involving love and medicine in subtle complications.

Booth.—Mr. E. H. Sothern in "The Two Virtues," by Alfred Sutro. Notice later.

Candler.—"The House of Glass," by Max Marcin. The long arm of justice—or injustice—reaching out for the heroine years after she had redeemed her life from an earlier conviction. Well played and interesting drama.

Casino.—"The Blue Paradise." Viennese comic operetta more than usually tuneful and clever in libretto.

Century.—Mr. Ned Wayburn's "Town Topics," Girl-and-music show on a big scale. Glittering, funny and especially strong in chorus-girls.

Comedy.—"The Bargain," by Herman Sheffauer. Notice later.

Cort.—"The Princess Pat," by Messrs. Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom. See above.

Eltinge.—Closed.

Empire.—Mr. William Gillette in revival of his old detective success, "Sherlock Holmes."

Forty-eighth Street.—Mr. George Fawcett in "What Money Can't Buy," by Mr. George Broadhurst. Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street.—Closed.

Fulton.—"Some Baby." Farce, well done and diverting for those

who do not insist on the utmost refinement in their amusement.

Gaiety.—"Young America." Unpretentious but laughable and agreeable little play dealing with the adventures of a boy and his dog.

Globe.—"Chin-Chin." Clever musical extravaganza, elaborately staged, full of laughs and with Messrs. Montgomery and Stone as the stars.

Harris.—"Rolling Stones." Business comedy based on the career of two youths who redeem their checkered careers by unexpectedly developing efficiency.

Hudson.—"Under Fire." Drama of the present war, well staged and with graphic presentation of war episodes.

Knickerbocker.—Varied bill of picture plays with well-known actors in star parts. See above.

Liberty.—"The Birth of a Nation." Imposing moving pictures presenting a drama of the closing days of the Civil War, the reconstruction period and the terrorism of the Ku Klux Klan.

Little.—Closed.

Longacre.—"The Girl Who Smiles." Pleasant comic operetta with tuneful score recalling other similar efforts.

Lyceum.—"The Duke of Killicrankie," followed by Sir J. M. Barrie's sketch entitled "Rosalind," with Marie Tempest as the star, dealing delightfully with clever comedy material.

Lyric.—"Two Is Company." Good company headed by Georgia Caine in unusually tuneful comic operetta with amusing libretto.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Stolen Orders." Big Drury Lane melodrama with imported scenery and company. Spectacular and thrilling.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Our Children," adaptation of "Mein Leopold," by Mr. Louis Anscher. Mr. Emmett Corrigan's fine depiction of the German-American father in his relations with his children.

Park.—Closed.

Playhouse.—Grace George in Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea." See above.

Princess.—Closed.

Punch and Judy.—Closed.

Republic.—"Common Clay," by Mr. Cleves Kinhead. Interesting drama with sex injustice as its motive. Well acted by good company headed by John Mason and Jane Cowl.

Shubert.—"The Road to Happiness," with William Hodge as the star. Perfectly wholesome play of the "gosh darn" type. Well done in the usual agricultural fashion.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Unchaste Woman," by Mr. Louis Anscher. Notice later.

Vitagraph.—"The Battle Cry of Peace." The usual crudities of the moving-picture show on which are threaded some really good scenes, the whole intended to show that our unpreparedness for war makes it more surely possible.

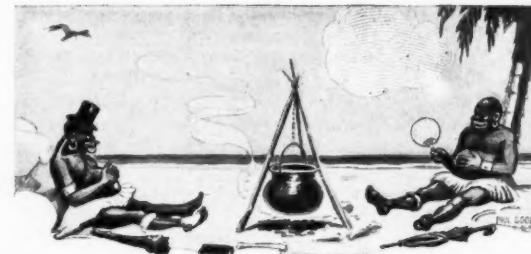
Winter Garden.—"The World of Pleasure." Notice later.

IN "Stover at Yale" Owen Johnson took the top off an adolescent ant hill and let us see the authentic workings of the collegiate microcosm—the unconsciously custom-ridden individualism of the scurrying insects, each carrying his own white egg of hope, hobby or ambition. In his new novel, "Making Money" (Stokes, \$1.35), he has undertaken, by tracing the careers of four college chums in New York, to give us a similar look-in on the world of Wall Street. But, while the result is a readable story and, in a way of speaking, a good tract against the demon rum of speculation, it isn't *Wall Street* as the other book was *Yale*. Johnson's *Yale* was a world of three dimensions. His *Wall Street* has length and breadth, but is no thicker than the printed page.

CHARLES E. VAN LOAN—the chap who wrote the in-shoot stories about professional baseball players and the upper-cut yarns about professional pugilists—has vitagraphed the movie-makers. "Buck Parvin and the Movies" (Doran, \$1.25) is the book in which these stories of film-making and film actors in a California producing plant are gathered, and it ought to prove a popular hit in nine reels. For Van Loan has an amazing knack of getting inside his subject. Most sport-story tellers write of grand-stand plays from the grand-stand. They are like most doctors—they treat symptoms. Van Loan is a hilarious biologist, and puts the wriggling microbes themselves on the screen for us.

IF—as Van Loan's occasional performances seem to indicate—sport-story writing may be made a profession, there is nothing to say of the writing of melodrama-novels about dam construction and irrigation-project promoting except that it has become an industry. Francis Lynde's "The Real Man" (Scribner's, \$1.35) is the last new one. And while it is better than most, has a nice heroine and moments of successfully contrived suspense, it is but one more pea in the fat pod of its kind. The hero is a bank cashier who gets into trouble, runs for it, finds a job on a lame-duck dam project with a hungry syndicate on its trail and—becomes the *deus ex machina* of the familiar melodrama machination. The trouble isn't with the *deus*. It's with the *machina*. You can hear the wheels go round.

ONE would have expected E. Phillips Oppenheim to come out just about now with a novel in which a German diplomat, an American Standard Oil man, a Polish adventuress, a young Turk, General Joffre's orderly and the English Prime Minister disguised as a cotton broker should meet clandestinely in Asbury Park and arrange the partition of Russia and the end of the war. But Mr. Oppenheim probably feels that the Austrian Ambassador to the United States, the German military agents and the daily papers are supplying his large American audience with all the intrigue stuff they need. At any rate, in "The Way of These Women" (Little, Brown, \$1.35) he has abandoned affairs of state for an affair of the heart—a contest of wiles and wits, waged across the grave of a murdered villain, between two women fighting for love. The hand is the hand of the garden detective story, but the voice is Oppenheim's voice.



THE GOOD THAT MEN DO LIVES AFTER THEM

THE Irish Nuns at Ypres" (Dutton, \$1.25) is a war narrative with the soft pedal on. For two centuries this odd monastic order has maintained itself in the old French town, its ranks recruited for the most part from the Catholic gentry of Ireland. At the time of the recent bombardment by the Germans they were forced to flee, pathetically bewildered by a sudden emergence from their religious, twilit entombment, and after many hardships they reached England. This account of their experiences is written by "D. M. C." one of the sisters, or "Dames" as they are called, of the order. And in its unaffected sincerity, its suggestion of a medieval outlook, and its glimpses of France during invasion, it forms a unique contribution to the descriptive literature of the war.

HUMAN poll-parrots, conversational plagiarists, and the whole brotherhood of the lazy-minded, will find a paradise of easy pickings in the "Handbook of Expression for the Enrichment of Conversation, Writing and Public Speaking" which the devoted but deplorable assiduity of Edwin Hamlin Carr has compiled and arranged under the title of "The Happy Phrase" (Putnam, \$1.00). Interchangeable parts are excellent features in typewriters, lawn mowers, safety razors and sewing machines—in fact, in all mechanical co-ordinations of dead matter. But in the living tissue of individual expression the standardization of the Happy Phrase only tends to create callouses.

J. B. Kerfoot.





A MILITARY WEDDING
RICE AND OLD SHOES ARE NO LONGER VOGUE

Mr. Kern Suggests

IT occurs to Senator Kern, thrifty Hoosier soul and Democratic floor leader, that we can save money in our provision for national defense by using the uniformed bodies of various fraternal orders that are partly trained already. The Knights of Pythias, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Knights of Columbus and other organizations look good to Senator Kern when he sees them parade, and he is for training them some more and working them in for national defense.

Anthony J. Drexel-Biddle, of Philadelphia, thinks his string of Bible classes would help out. They have a membership of 80,000 in thirty different States.

Surely we are a more military people than we have suspected. Nearly sixteen millions of us, not counting the

Gideons, are credited in the *World's Almanac* with membership in fraternal organizations.

Nevertheless, some informed person should take Senator Kern by the button and explain to him how very much difference there is between modern war and a lawn party. Probably the fraternal organizations have lots of good soldier material in them, though that depends upon age and weight, but as organizations—stars above! And Senator Kern is Democratic leader in the Senate!

Two Women Talking

"I SUPPOSE you really felt it necessary for you to secure a divorce?"

"Well, perhaps not absolutely necessary, but our home——"

"Exactly. You did it for the children's sake."

Progress

IF the plans of the powers that be do not miscarry, the hygienic waiter in New York will soon be the order of the day and night. Even as the innocent bovine is minutely examined by the astute Board of Health in all lacteal belts, so the germ-carrying waiter will be faithfully scrutinized by the ubiquitous microscope.

What is most needed, however, in New York is to scrutinize the food which we get in the restaurants. At present traces of real nourishment can be discovered in it. Until the possibility of this has been utterly removed nobody is really safe.

No Limit

"WHAT do you do with your car when your wife is away?"

"Everything."

A New Financial Worry

IT seems as if something were always happening to keep our poor bankers in hot water. If it isn't one thing it's another. Either the money circulates too rapidly or else not rapidly enough, or else it gravitates toward the interior when it ought to be gravitating toward the coast, or else people are hoarding too much of it or else they are spending too much of it. The latest is that they are worrying because the country is suffering from undigested affluence. According to the *Sun* financial writer:

They are worrying about the way in which money is accumulating in the country, not only in the hands of the people, but more especially over the way in which funds are piling up in the banks and endowing the managers of financial institutions with a superfluity of lending power which bewilders even the most stolid of practical financiers.

It is indeed distressing, and we deeply sympathize with the country and with the bankers and with the people and with everybody everywhere who has an excess of funds and a superfluity of lending power. Above all, we sympathize profoundly with those practical financiers whose stolidity seems to be imperiled by this sudden rush of cash to the exchequer.

E. O. J.



"THE SKELETON IN ARMOR"



Guide: HERE! UNTIE THE ROPE FROM YOUR WAIST AND PASS IT AROUND THE ROCK TWICE AND TIE WITH A CLOVE HITCH. QUICK!

Progress

THE first day he said: She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen.

The second day: She is one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen.

Third: She is certainly a beautiful girl.

Fourth: She is beautiful.

Fifth: She is rather beautiful.

Sixth: At times she is beautiful.

Seventh: She has beauty.

Eighth: Beautiful? Well—yes.

Ninth: I shouldn't say she is beautiful, but there are times when she is good-looking.

Tenth: For the past ten days I have been trying to find out whether she has any brains or not. I have decided that she has not. And I remember very well the first time I met her I thought her beautiful!

LIFE'S SHORT STORY CONTEST

The contest closed on October 4th. So many thousands of manuscripts have been received, each one necessitating a careful reading, that our friends are invited to exercise all due patience. We shall continue to publish the stories accepted each week in this department until all the manuscripts have been passed upon; and as soon thereafter as possible the prizes will be awarded.

Red Blood or Blue

By E. Montgomery

DEAR LOU:

"This is the last letter I shall write to you, for to-morrow I begin the final stage of my transition. At four o'clock I shall become a lady. To be sure, you and I will know that I am only an imitation, but with an eighteen-carat setting every one else will take me for the real thing.

"Lou, I've been wondering how many generations it will take to make a real lady. My daughter perhaps will be one, and if not, then her daughter; but I will always be an imitation.

"My grandmother did day's work to give my mother a schooling, and my mother helped in the shop so that I could have dancing lessons before I was six. I can't disappoint them, and I can't shirk my duty toward my children yet to be born. They stretch out their hands to me, asking I know not what, so to-morrow I give them a gentleman father. Yes, Lou, he is a little man, not much higher than my shoulder, and he is fat and jaded and old; but he has a name which can unlock the holy of holies in New York, and I may enter it with him, for I shall be his wife.

"They tell me I should be proud of my conquest, and I am, for it is not my gold alone which has ensnared him, but myself; and I am beautiful, Lou. It is three years since you have seen me, and I grow lovelier every day.

"I am tall, divinely tall; slender of hip and full of bosom, with all the promise of ripening womanhood. And to-morrow my maidenhood is to be sacrificed on the altar of holy (?) matrimony, and the metamorphosis will be complete. I shall be a lady.

"Oh, Lou, why wasn't your father a gentleman? He might have been a rake, a roué, a gambler—anything, so long as he was a gentleman. But he is only my father's boyhood friend, and still a village carpenter.

"You had to work your way through college, and my father rolled me through on the almighty dollar.

"And yet I think for all my education there is something radically wrong with me. I am that hybrid thing, 'a lady in the making—an imitation lady.' And what troubles me most is the thought that perhaps I am only an imitation woman also.

"My ancestors had red blood in their veins, and my descendants' blood will be blue; but in my veins there is nothing but water.

"Listen, Lou; to-day I shut myself in my room and scrubbed the floor of my private bath. Down on my knees I went with soap and brush and scrubbed for all there was in me, and when I finished my back ached horribly, and still the floor was far from clean; and I the granddaughter of a woman who has scrubbed acres of floors, and could do it yet, though she is almost eighty.

"Oh, Lou, Lou, I wish I had dared to run away with you that last night three years ago. Do you remember—the moon, the gate that creaked, the smell of the dew on the grass, the chirping of the insects—a heavenly midsummer night, made for love—as we were made for love?

"I had to stand on tiptoe when you

kissed me. And your dear eyes were filled with anguish when we parted. You told me I would find you there when I needed you. And, oh! I need you now!

"How many generations of our children's children would it take to make a lady, Lou?

"Everything is wrong with the world to-night. My head hurts and I can't think.

"See! Here on my desk I have a time-table, a brave blue time-table, which tells me that I am only four short hours away from you, and that I still have ample time to pack and catch the midnight train.

"If I join you, you need never see this letter—and if I do not, then you must not see it. I will burn it.

"This is my hour, my future is in my own hands. It is all a question of courage: my ancestors had it, my descendants will have it; but have I?

"Your unhappy
"RUTH."

The wedding of a steel king's daughter into one of New York's oldest families is worth a column on the front page of any paper. Pictures of the happy couple stared out of every edition.

The weary housemaid spread one on the floor as she cleaned the disordered room her young mistress had left behind.

She gathered a little pile of ashes from the hearth and dumped them on the paper. They completely covered the smiling faces of the bride and groom—not that it mattered, for the ashes were cold.

The Bad Man

By Harry C. Goodwin

PRISONER to the bar," called the Clerk of the Court.

The prisoner came forward, closely followed by a dog, which, because it had been evidence during the trial, had become known as Exhibit A. In one hand the man held what might have been a hat when new. The other hand hung at his side so the dog could reach up and give it an affectionate lick now and then—when the man needed sympathy and encouragement.

In answer to questions put, the pris-

oner said he was John Brent, twenty-seven years old, and his mother's name was Mary.

"And your father's name?" asked the clerk, thinking Brent had overlooked this detail.

"Never had none."

The judge looked up, glanced in sympathy at the prisoner, then looked down again.

The famous Von Betz, who had caused Brent's arrest and trial, sneered.

Some women present, attracted by the



"HUMPH! CAN'T GIT WORK, EH? WHY DON'T YE ENLIST IN THE NAVY?"
 "BETWEEN ME AN' YOU, LADY, I GOT TOO MUCH SELF-RESPECT TO STAND FER GRAPE-JUICE AN'
 UNPREPAREDNESS."

high social and professional standing of the great Von Betz, looked shocked.

Possibly they were shocked.

Exhibit A moved closer and gave the hand of his master two or three encouraging licks and wagged his tail joyfully in recognition of the prisoner's friendly smile.

"The jury," said the judge, "has found you guilty of assault, with intent to kill, on the person of Dr. Enrich Von Betz. You have had a fair trial. The evidence seems to justify the verdict. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed?"

"I would like to say something, judge, 'cause I got a hunch you'll understand. I got a feelin' you'd done the same thing I did. I never had a father, and the world seems to blame me. But it wasn't my fault, and I've never blamed my mother, neither. She was a good girl. I've had a pretty tough time—nobody but my mother, the dog and God has given me a square deal. Sometimes God forgot, I guess."

The judge leaned forward, interested. The dog licked the prisoner's hand and wagged his tail. Thus encouraged, Brent continued.

"There ain't been a day since my mother died that some one ain't come

along and made me feel in the way. Every time I'd get a new start some one would say I didn't have a father, an' back I'd go.

"I got to thinkin' I must be a pretty bad man until Yip, the dog, fell in with me three years ago. Guess he saw somethin' in me others didn't. He didn't ask if I had a father. He's stuck by me, he's starved fer me an' I've starved fer him. Just see how he looks at me, judge. A dog don't look at a man like that unless he sees some good in all the bad.

"I pulled Yip out from under a trolley car and went under myself. They took me to the hospital and sent Yip to the pound. I was in for a long time, and on the day I left I did this thing I'm going up for.

"I was passing a building on the grounds when I heard a dog yelp. It was Yip. I don't know how I got in, but I did. I don't know exactly what I did when I got in. I guess I did come near killing the doctor.

"But judge," and his voice grew thick from anger, "when I got in I saw Yip stretched out on his back. They had straps pulling his legs one way and his head another way so he couldn't move. All he could do was cry—cry just like a baby that knows

he's being hurt but don't know why.

"And the doctor, judge, was standing over Yip, and the knife in his hand was all bloody."

"Go on," said the judge.

"I ain't got anything more to say, except that I want you to send Yip along when you send me away. If you don't, judge, and the doctor gets Yip and kills him, I'll kill the doctor when I gets out, because I've got just as much right fer killin' the doctor as he's got to kill Yip. That's all I got to say, judge."

"I know how you feel, Brent," said the judge, in a rather husky voice. "I've got a dog at home—a dog like Yip. And—and—but duty compels me to sentence you to ten years at hard labor, and I impose a similar sentence on the dog Yip—"

"Thanks, judge, thanks, fer sending Yip along. You know, judge. You got a heart, you got feelings, just like Yip and your dog has. You—"

"But in view of the circumstances that provoked the assault," interrupted the judge, "I'll suspend your sentence during good behavior."

"But Yip," begged the man without a father.

"I'll suspend Yip's sentence, too," smiled the judge.



"WHY DON'T YOU STRIKE BACK, WOODROW?"
"OH, HE EXPLAINS EVERYTHING AS HE GOES"



"ISABEL, DO YOU REALIZE THAT IT'S JUST FOUR YEARS TO-DAY SINCE WE BECAME ENGAGED?"
"WELL, IT WAS YOUR OWN FAULT. YOU TALKED ME INTO IT!"

Scaring the Populace

ACCORDING to Dr. Charles W. Dulles, a prominent physician of Philadelphia, the statistics of deaths from hydrophobia show that they have increased in every country where Pasteur Institutes have been widely exploited. He says further:

One reason for this is that the heads of these institutions not only promise cures without warrant, but make equally unwarranted prognoses of fatal issue. Sometimes the latter exert a most unfavorable influence on the patient.

An unfavorable influence on the patient, perhaps, but a very favorable influence on the Pasteur Institutes, for the patient is thus induced to exchange his money for the Pasteur treatment, and that is the *summum bonum*. There must be kept alive among the people a mortal terror of hydrophobia, or else Pasteur Institutes will cease to be profitable and perish from the earth.

SAY, father, what is a misogynist?"
"Any man, my son, who has been married over ten years."



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Again the genius and determination of the master inventor have triumphed. Triumphed in only ten months over a task as Herculean as ever was set for any man before. On December 9, 1914, the Edison plant was burned. One of the greatest factory fires that ever occurred. Twenty-three days later, Mr. Edison was again making Phonographs and records.

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Every day from October 18 to October 23 inclusive will be "Edison Day" everywhere in the United States. Edison dealers have made special arrangements fittingly to present this *perfected musical instrument* to the music lovers of their community. Special complimentary concerts of choice programs

from the complete library of Edison records will be given each day. These concerts will reveal Mr. Edison's great strides in the art of record reproduction. Having perfected the phonograph, Mr. Edison will, from now on, devote his entire attention to the collection of a great library of vastly superior records.

NEW EDISON Diamond Disc Phonograph

No Needles to Change

Mr. Edison worked continuously for four years, from eighteen to twenty hours a day, perfecting his phonograph and these wonderful records. Perfection came only after infinite experiment. The Diamond Disc Stylus, which *floats over the record without wear*, is a distinguishing feature of the New Edison. It is the secret by which it has been made possible at last to reproduce, *perfectly*, every detail of music—to preserve the distinctive character of every voice or instrument. Mr. Edison's genius has turned his record manufacturing plant into one big laboratory. He has perfected laboratory processes to a point where a scientific laboratory product is being turned out in unlimited quantities. The *laboratory re-creation* of music as opposed to mere mechanical reproduction.

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The #250 Diamond Disc Phonograph is the Official Laboratory Model
Thomas A. Edison





He Got Them Mixed

A Missouri farmer had ordered a fancy pig from a breeder. The pig was a mere mite of a pig, and the farmer sent it back.

"Dear sir," he wrote. "From the comparative size of the pig and the bill, I am forced to the conclusion that you got them mixed. You should have sent the pig by mail and the bill by express."

—*Youth's Companion*.

Objected to Paying Twice

"Look here, waiter. Eighty cents is an outrageous price for a portion of asparagus."

"Yes, sir, but you see, sir, we're putting on a very expensive cabaret show, and—"

"I know all about the cabaret show. I paid for that with the soup."

—*Kansas City Times*.

Not One

"It appears to be your record, Mary Moselle," said the magistrate, "that you have been thirty-five times convicted of stealing."

"I guess, your honor," replied Mary, "that is right. No woman is perfect."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.



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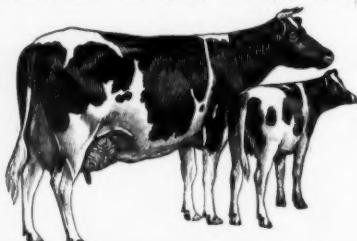
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Warned in Twenty Years

Several Scotchmen were discussing the domestic unhappiness of a mutual friend.

"Aye," said one, "Jock McDonald has a sair time wi' that wife o' his. They do say they're aye quarrelin'."

"It serves him richt," said another feelingly. "The puir feckless creature marrit after coortin' only eight year. Man, indeed, he had nae chance to ken the wumman in sic a short time. When I was coortin' I was coortin' twenty year."

"And how did it turn out?" inquired a stranger in the party.

"I tell ye, I was coortin' twenty year, an' in that time I kenned what wumman was, an' so I didna marry."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

QUITE recently a warship of the Atlantic Fleet found it necessary to call for a few hours at a military port on the coast of Ireland. Tommy Atkins, meeting a full-bearded Irish tar in the street a couple of hours later, said:

"Pat, when are you going to place your whiskers on the reserve list?"

"When you place your tongue on the civil list," was the Irish sailor's reply.

Tit-Bits.

"BE careful about asking favors of people, my boy."

"Why?"

"Because once a man does a favor for you you are in his debt for life."

—*Detroit Free Press*.



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The upholstery is the finest obtainable grade of genuine hand-buffed, straight-grain, semi-glazed leather.

Wherever a change was made in the quality of materials, BETTER materials were used.

The car has the SAME reliable Wagner Electric System as last year's car; the SAME SAFETY-insuring Full Floating Rear Axle; the SAME equipment of 13 Timken Bearings; the SAME quick-stop brakes; improved one-man top; control equipment—oil gauge; gasoline gauge, speedometer, etc., all grouped on center of dash under one light—in unobstructed view and within easy reach of the driver.

In every detail, the car gives GREATER value than ever before and at a lower price.

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Defining Parents

Little Alfred was asked to write a composition on parents, and wrote this:

Parents are things which boys have to look after them. Most girls have parents. Parents consist of pas and mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but it's mostly the mas that make you mind.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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FARMER BROWN, while his crew of threshers were "washing up" one morning, noticed among them a Swede who was not engaged in the use of water, soap and towel.

"Well, Harris," said the farmer, "aren't you going to wash this morning?"

"Naw," returned the Swede; "it don't make me dirty to sleep."—*Everybody's*.

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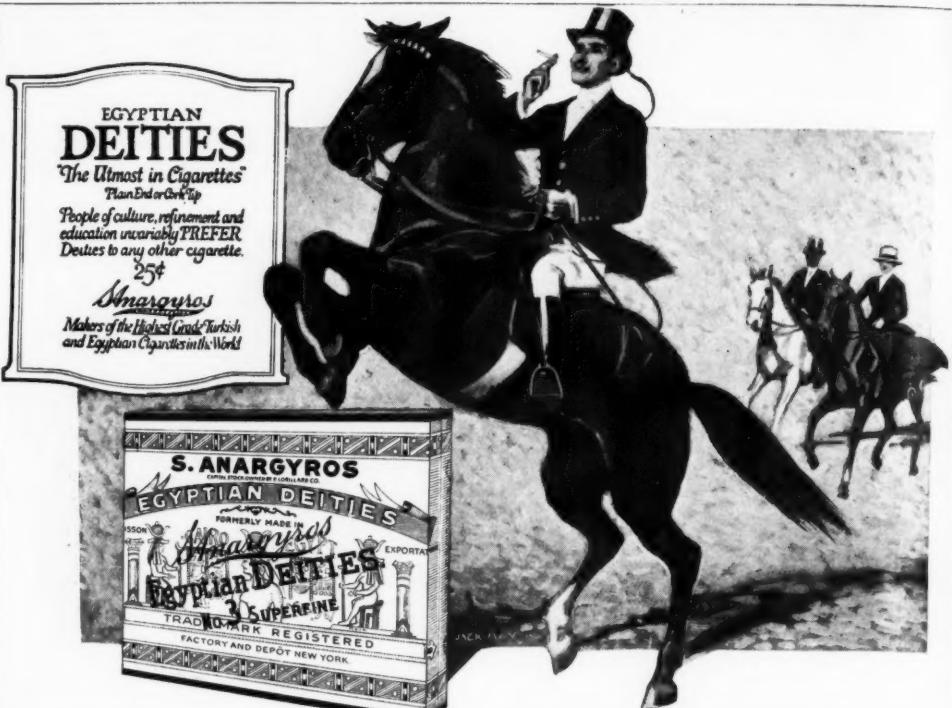
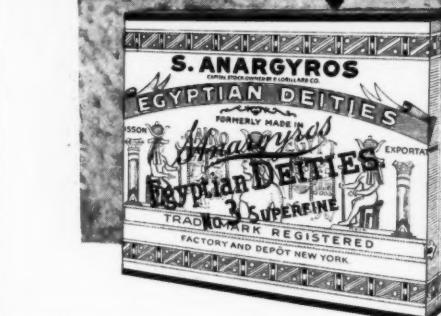
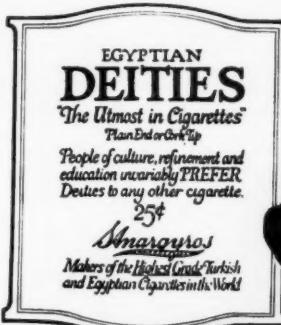
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MISTRESS: Lend them our lawn-mower to cut grass on the Sabbath! Certainly not! Tell them, Bridget, that we haven't one.—*Boston Transcript*.

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EDITH: Miss Oldgirl says she has just reached the marriageable age.

MARIE: You don't say. I wonder what delayed her.—*Boston Transcript*.

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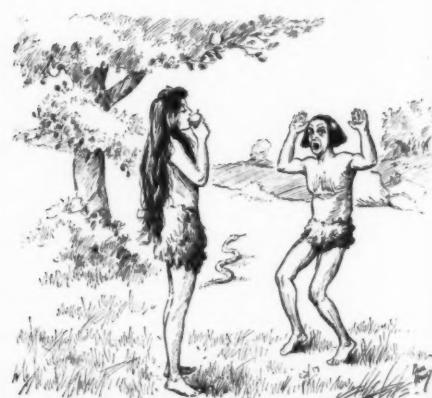


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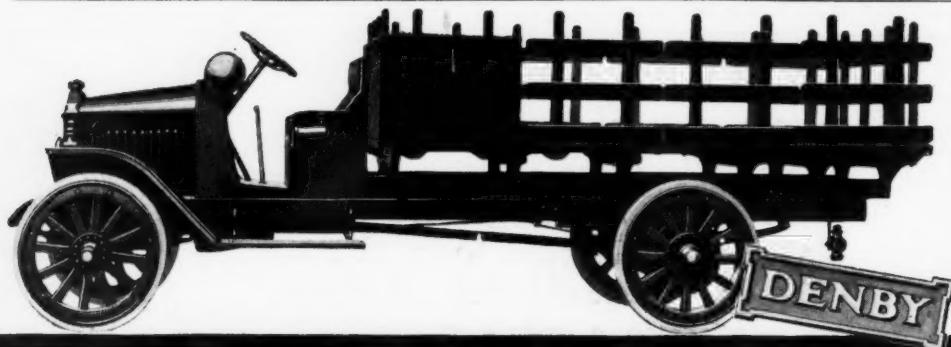


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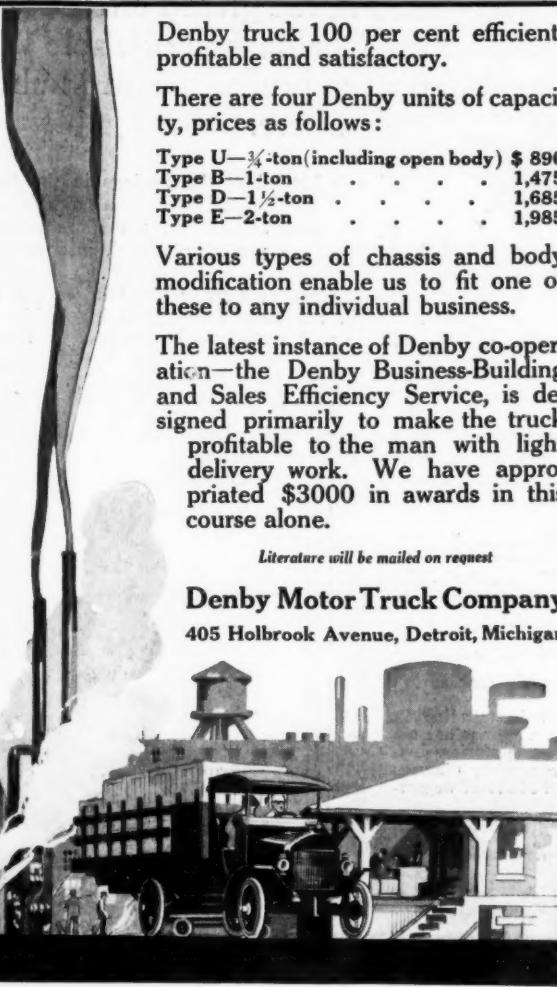
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How to Study Medicine

THE proper way to study medicine is with a closed mind. You close the mind by assuming that the practice of medicine is an exact science and that the teachers and writers of your text-books know what that science is even when they are violently disagreeing.

Having closed the mind against all probability of its doing any thinking on its own account, you proceed to plaster it on the outside with dogmas, creeds, superstitions, cocksureness, traditions, old wives' tales, inconsistencies, theories, guesses, inaccuracies and other evidences of unquestioning orthodoxy. The more plasters of this kind you place on the outside of your mind the more closed it will tend to become.

When you have performed the above in a thoroughly workmanlike, superficial and unobtrusive manner there will be conferred upon you a diploma by honorable gentlemen who have convinced themselves that you will never disgrace the profession by independent thinking of any kind.

This diploma certifies that your mind has been closed and hermetically sealed. It confers upon you the right to call yourself doctor, to look wise and know little, to go around among unfortunate

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EVEN at your *private table* or *club* you can now be served with Oscar's Sauce. As you know, this delicious condiment was created by Oscar of the Waldorf and originally served *only by him*.

At his request, for the service of his friends and patrons, the Beech-Nut Company is now putting up this famous relish as one of the *Beech-Nut Delicacies*.

Beech-Nut Oscar's Sauce may be had from most good provisioners—*anywhere*.

Makers of America's Most Famous Bacon—*Beech-Nut Bacon*

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
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Send ten cents in stamps for the newest, most fascinating game—"Going to Market"—amusing and instructive and sure to interest the whole family.

people who are ill and guess what's the matter with them, to find loopholes of escape when your guesses turn out badly, to conceal your blame when patients die and appropriate the credit that belongs to Mother Nature when patients recover.

Above all, this diploma gives you the right and power to look with contempt upon the opinions of laymen, no matter how much these laymen may have

studied the laws of disease and health, of diet and exercise, of anatomy and physiology. The trouble with laymen is that they are too prone to study these things with open minds, too ready to balk at palpable inconsistencies and too ready to laugh at punctured pomposity. Laymen are always in danger of looking at plain facts and drawing unorthodox conclusions therefrom.

Ellis O. Jones.



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*Superior
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AS SOON as Sportsmen got to asking *Why* and *How* about rifles, Remington-UMC High Power Rifles came into their own. To-day Remington-UMC High Power Big Game Rifles are in demand more than ever—by the leading crack shots and by the great body of Sportsmen, who are quite as able to tell a good gun when they see it perform as any professional expert.

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Ask to see Remington-UMC High Power Slide Action Repeaters, six shots, solid breech, hammerless, safe. Autoloading Rifles—Five shots, simply press trigger for each shot. Solid breech, hammerless, positive safety device.

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Ladies' size with or without perfume

All shipments in plain packages, insured and prepaid

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It Wasn't Their Fault

Alexander Greenleaf Jackson, a pillar of the colored church, was entertaining at dinner the pastor and some of the prominent members. After grace Alexander began to carve the chicken, and the pastor waxed facetious.

"Brudder Jackson," he asked, "do de white folks around you keep chickens?"

Alexander pried loose the second wing. "No, sah," he responded, "dey does not; but dey suttinly tries hahd enuff to."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Work of the Devil

THE subject had turned to betting. The nervous little man, who had been silent all evening, suddenly spoke.

"Betting," he said, "is the work of the devil and should be prohibited by law. If you lose, you feel defrauded by fate; if you win—" he broke off and shuddered.

We waited for him to continue. People who rarely speak are sometimes listened to.

"Once," he said, "I made a bet. On a train. The most beautiful girl in the world sat across the aisle. I said to my friend, 'That's the kind of a girl I want to marry.'

"He said, 'I dare you to go up and propose to her.'

"I bet," I answered, "I could get acquainted with her that way."

"He said, 'I bet you'd be thrown off the train.'

"So we bet—cigars. I used to smoke then.

"I went up to her and said:

"Madam, you are the most beautiful woman in the world. Will you marry me?"

The silent man stopped again and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Did you win?" we prompted.

"Worse than that," he answered. "She said to me, 'Sir, I am bored to death. I will marry you.' And she did, at the next stop."

"Betting," repeated the nervous little man, with more or less relevance, according to the way you view such things, "is the work of the devil and should be prohibited by law."

And he sank back into his dark corner gloomily.

Leola Brandeis.



From Your Room On the "Heights"

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It is but 20 minutes from New York's shopping district and theatre center. Every facility, comfort, convenience, and luxury of New York's ultra-fashionable hotels at far more available rates. 400 finely furnished rooms or suites. Exceptional cuisine. Transient and Residential. Montague - Hicks - Remsen Streets, Brooklyn.

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Comfort, health and fashion demand right physical proportions. You can reduce the flesh on your entire body, or any part, by wearing one of Dr. Jeanne Walter's famous rubber garments for men and women a few hours a day.



The safe and quick way to reduce is by perspiration. Endorsed by leading physicians.

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Also Union Suits, Stockings, Jackets, etc., for the purpose of reducing the flesh anywhere desired. Invaluable to those suffering from rheumatism.

Write at once for further particulars.

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(Inventor and Patentee)
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Buy Resinol made from Dr. Walter's famous reducing rubber with Cottill back. Price \$6.00

Segregation

SEGREGATION among all classes of people having been carried so far that nobody was allowed to associate with multimillionaires or their families, these gentlemen naturally made a protest to the President.

"We are not so numerous as we were," explained the multimillionaire spokesman, "and the constant coming into contact with only ourselves tends to make us more selfish, more vulgar and more ignorant at all time. If, on the other hand, we could meet common people, even if it were only occasionally, we should have opportunities of enlarging our sentiments and increasing our vision, and possibly, in the course of time, becoming endurable."

The President, although he was at heart a humane man, shook his head.

"I am sorry, my friends," he said, "that I can do nothing for you. Multimillionaires are undoubtedly an inferior class. My board of experts advises me that the gain to you by contact would not nearly be as great as would be the loss to the common people, and inasmuch as our motto is the greatest good to the greatest number you will have to continue to associate only with yourselves, and may God have mercy upon you."

ONCE, while Hans Richter was rehearsing Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" music the violoncellos had a very passionate melody to play. Richter was by no means satisfied that the necessary warmth of expression had been obtained. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," said he, "you all play like married men, not like lovers."

—Argonaut.



Try this easy way to clear your skin with Resinol Soap

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger-tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will be astonished how quickly the healing, anti-septic Resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores, removes pimples and blackheads, and leaves the complexion clear, fresh and velvety.

If the skin is in bad condition through neglect or an unwise use of cosmetics, apply a little Resinol Ointment and let it remain on ten minutes before the final washing with Resinol Soap.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a trial size cake and miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write Dept. 6-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Shaving Stick also contains the Resinol medication, making it most agreeable for men with tender, easily irritated skins. Trial size sent on request.

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to be removed from your horses' hoofs—no injury to delicate hoofs when *Capewell* nails are used.

They are safe—absolutely reliable and sure to hold a shoe.

Best nail in the world at a fair price—not the cheapest regardless of quality.



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The Apperson Eight makes its bow in this announcement. A car so new, so beautiful, so harmonious as to win immediate favor. Its beauty is everywhere. Its mechanical excellence is apparent to the most casual observer. The car as a whole, offers a new measure of eight excellence.

Lightness—Power—Size

In the Apperson Eight light weight—a time-proved advantage in motor car construction—finds its first eight-cylinder application.

The Apperson Light Eight is the lightest weight 60 horse power motor car. Completely equipped, it weighs but 3100 pounds, yet no other eight is larger or more luxurious.

Here lightness is due to simplicity and costly materials and is not gained at the expense of strength and sturdiness. Neither has the car's notable economy been secured at the sacrifice of power.

The power of the Apperson Eight motor is like the flow of Niagara. Continuous—irresistible—silent.

The building of an eight-cylinder car by the pioneer company is a

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Light Weight—3100 pounds
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SHE—Oh! I should not expect a paragon. I should be satisfied with a lover, young, handsome, brave, noble and unselfish.—*Dayton (Ohio) Herald*.

TRAVELER: Isn't this train pretty late?

STATION-MASTER: Yes, she is a bit behind, mister, but we're expectin' her every hour now.—*Harper's Magazine*.

Books Received

Bankrupting a Great City, by Henry H. Klein. (Published by the author at Tribune Bldg., 40 cents.)

Schools of To-morrow, by John Dewey. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.)

Seal and Flag of the City of New York, by John B. Pine, L.H.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.)

Aunt Sarah and the War. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.)

"Common Sense" Applied to Woman Suffrage. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.)

The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns. (McBride, Nast & Co. \$1.50.)

Concerning Osteopathy, by Geo. V. Webster. (Carthage, N. Y. \$1.25.)

Challenge, by Louis Untermeyer. (Century Co. \$1.00.)

Youth's Pilgrimage, by Roy Holton. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. 75 cents.)

El Libre del Tropico, by Arturo Ambrogi. (San Salvador, Central America.)

The Code of the Mountains, by Charles Neville Buck. (W. J. Watt & Co. \$1.25.)

How It Feels to Be the Husband of a Suffragette, by HIM. (Geo. H. Doran Co. 50 cents.)

Evolution and the War, by P. Chalmers Mitchell. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00.)

War and Women, by Henry Clay Hansbrough. (Duffield & Co. \$1.00.)

In a French Hospital, by M. Eydoux-Demians. (Duffield & Co. \$1.00.)

British and American Drama of Today, by Barrett H. Clark. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.60.)

Casus Belli, by Charles Cammell. (Arthur L. Humphreys, London, Eng.; E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.25.)

When Hannah Var Eight Var Old, by Katharine Peabody Girling. (F. A. Stokes Co.)

The Man Trail, by Henry Oyen. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.25.)

Tales from Old Japanese Dramas, by Asataro Miyamori. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.)

Emma McChesney & Co., by Edna Ferber. (F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.00.)

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Autumn Pattern number of Vogue



The Thirteen Numbers

Autumn Patterns	Oct. 15
Working plans for your entire Winter wardrobe—the newest models adapted to pattern form.	
Winter Fashions	Nov. 1
Showing the mode in its Winter culmination—charming models smart couturiers evolve for their private clientele.	
Vanity Number	Nov. 15
Those graceful little touches that make the smart woman smart, where to get them and how to use them.	
Christmas Gifts	Dec. 1
Vogue's solution of the Christmas gift problem. A new idea.	
Christmas Number	Dec. 15
More gifts and practical ideas for holiday entertaining.	
Lingerie Number	Jan. 1
Fine linen for personal use and household.	
Motor and Southern	Jan. 15
The new fashions in motor cars and the new wardrobe for the southern season.	
Forecast of Spring Fashions	Feb. 1
Earliest authentic news of Spring styles. Fully illustrated.	
Spring Millinery	Feb. 15
Hats, bonnets and toques from the famous milliners of Paris.	
Spring Patterns	Mar. 1
Working models for your Spring and Summer wardrobe.	
Paris Spring Openings	Mar. 15
The Spring exhibitions of the leading couturiers of Paris.	
Spring Fashions	Apr. 1
The last word on Spring gowns, waists and accessories.	
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